



Dixie Queen— It's a Brick

Lay in a Lot of it

You could smoke or chew DIXIE QUEEN by the *hodful* and you'd never get enough—it's so mellow and rich and pleasing.

Lay in a supply of it today. Keep some at home and some on the job, and it will hold you steady as a spirit-level trues a wall.

DIXIE QUEEN

Plug Cut Tobacco

is the one perfect tobacco for the sturdy man who likes his tobacco rich, full-bodied and satisfying. Made of pure old Burley leaf, aged carefully for three to five years, so as to bring out all its fragrant flavor and sweetness.

This is what makes DIXIE QUEEN always the same. It doesn't depend upon one season's crop, like many tobaccos. We have several seasons' crops always stored away.

DIXIE QUEEN lasts in the pipe because it burns slow—holds its flavor when you chew it.

Take DIXIE QUEEN on the job for a week's try-out—after that you'll always carry DIXIE QUEEN in your jeans.

Sold everywhere in convenient 5c foil packages—also in 10c pouches and 50c lunch boxes.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



saying so, over and over again they said it.

One of the women at the tea was unusually temperamental. She told a lot of things to prove that.

She hadn't paid her rent for a month, and did not intend to pay it for six months longer, by—well, I really don't think I'll quote just what she "dy'd" with. And everybody shrieked with laughter and was greatly edified.

We talked about marriage at the Bohemian tea—and apparently none of us approved of marriage at all. Some of us called it a superstition and some of us said it was archaic. We all despised people who got married—poor, old-fashioned, narrow-minded things—and toward the end of the tea two or three elderly men came in. They were not at all like the young men who were so very temperamental.

The elderly men were not temperamental at all—in appearance. They wore exceedingly smart clothes and were well groomed and they had automobiles waiting for them below, and they stayed when the tea broke up, and I think I saw my little friend from Sioux City, Iowa, snuggling into one of the automobiles with a particularly well kept old person with a mouth like a pig's and eyes like a cruel tiger.

Poor little girl. I wonder how long she'll stay away from Sioux City—and "study"—and when she will have to take her broken heart back home for her mother to mend!

A genius, a girl with a real voice, with real ability, something more than just a pretty parlor talent—ah, that's a different matter, a different matter entirely. The girl is different all the way through.

She may starve and fight and almost die alone in a garret in some foreign city, but she'll work and she'll work, and she'll keep on working—and some day she will "arrive"—through what bitter roads of agony none but those who have walked therein can ever dream.

She may go right or she may go wrong, personally—her genius will hold her steady to its flame and nothing that she does or does not do will change that by the shadow of a hair.

Genius walks—alone—because it can and because it must.

You can't keep your genius at home, little mother with the anxious eyes. She's an eagle, and all your cluckings will never make a little brown hen of her.

But be sure she is a genius before you let her out alone into the ravaging world, which eats up little girls who have nothing but talent—eats them up, body, brain and soul.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST BUTTER JOIN THE NAVY

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.] Washington, March 23.—The Navy Department has just awarded its contract for butter for Uncle Sam's blue-jackets. The total was 725,000 pounds—and it is interesting to note that probably few American families will have as good spreading for their bread as the sailors.

Uncle Sam demands the best. Sailors are cranky about their butter. In the old days when the blue-jacket was given anything the market afforded his complaints were so insistent that a plan was adopted that gives him about the best butter money can buy.

Although annually purchased in lots of half a million to a million pounds, the government pays from three to five cents over the market price in order to get absolutely chemically pure butter that will stand alike the frigid temperature of the Arctic and the blistering heat of the tropics without spoiling.

After being packed in five pound tins, the navy butter is put in cold storage and held at zero temperature until it is taken out in carload lots to supply the ships. It is for this special preparation and packing that the increased price is paid.

Navy officials insist the butter is the finest in the world. On one occasion a test was made to show just what this butter can stand. A product which tested 95 per cent was kept in storage eight months and then sent to Suban waters, with instructions that it was not to be kept on ice, but packed with usual ship stores. After six months in this shape the butter, then melted oil,

Bohemian that there was no tea at all, just highballs and gin-rickeys and cigarettes—oh, plenty and plenty of cigarettes—and girls in queer shabby clothes and scrambled hair, and men with pale faces and red eyes and a general look of having been out much too late for several nights.

I didn't hear much that seemed to me particularly broadening in the conversation at the studio tea.

People talked very much as intelligent people talk in Sioux City, Iowa, or in Friend, Nebraska, for that matter, or any other place where the daily newspaper gets into town on the 8:55 and the whole town goes to the train to get it.

The young lady from Sioux City sang to us, a little thing of some French composer—rather sweet and pretty it was, too—all about the rose upon the balcony and the morning air and the song of the birds in the trees. Somehow I kept seeing the girl from Sioux City in a nice, fresh, little print frock sweeping off the balcony somewhere in a pretty little home—in Sioux City—and being a thousand times better off and cleverer and more attractive to real people who really live than she was, poor girl, in her shabby frock and her tousled hair singing rather sweetly at a lot of dissipated persons who would go out after the "Bohemian" tea and tell everybody that she had only a scrap of a voice and not a particle of temperament.

I met a girl from Sioux City, Iowa, in New York last winter. She was there "studying," and she was full of rhapsodies about the glory of living the broader life.

"I should die if I had to go back to Sioux City," said the girl who was studying. "My soul would starve."

The Sioux City girl invited me to her "studio" to a Bohemian tea. Of course, I went. I have a fad for going to things that people call "Bohemian." I love to find out what they mean by it.

This tea turned out to be so very Bohemian that there was no tea at all, just highballs and gin-rickeys and cigarettes—oh, plenty and plenty of cigarettes—and girls in queer shabby clothes and scrambled hair, and men with pale faces and red eyes and a general look of having been out much too late for several nights.

I know they were because they hear



Elegance

Is the Leading Feature of the New Dresses for Spring—Prices \$5 to \$50

Silk dresses will occupy places of honor in the spring wardrobe of every well dressed woman. The silk dresses for spring that we are showing are worthy of the very highest places of honor, and we invite you to see them before making a selection.

Plenty of other models are also here in challie, wool challie, printed creve, etc., etc. The styles are marvelously graceful and becoming, accentuating the lithe willowy figure, that it is the aim of fashionable women to attain. As for the dress making, it is of the most artistic character, flawless in every detail.

If you think such dresses as these are too expensive for you, you have a pleasant surprise awaiting you when you see their price ticket.

HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS
HURD'S FINE STATIONERY
DENNISON'S PAPER NOVELTIES.
COLEGATE'S TOILET ARTICLES
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D. M. C. EMBROIDERY COTTON
NOTIONS AND DRESSMAKERS' SUPPLIES
NEW RUCHING NECKWEAR
SASH AND BOW RIBBONS
NEW SPRING SHADES IN GLOVES

QUALITY MERCHANDISE POPULAR PRICES
U.G. SHIPLEY CO.
LIBERTY STREET

What Threatens the Girl Art Students

Alma Gluck says that American girls who go to Europe to study music spend much of their time sitting around telling each other what Jean de Reszko thinks about their voices—and much of it running about to cafes and being Bohemian.

The rest of the time, says Alma Gluck, people sit around and talk about the American musical students.

The American Woman's Club of Berlin says that Alma Gluck either didn't know or didn't care what she was talking about when she said these things.

There was a meeting of the club held recently, and that meeting turned itself into a protest against Miss Gluck's statements. Mrs. Gerard, wife of the Ambassador, acted as hostess and "protest" leader.

Now I don't know a thing about the American girls studying music in Europe, but I do know a little something about the American girls who study music at home, and I'd think a good long while before I'd let any pretty little daughter of mine run over to Europe "to study" just because some self-seeking person with an aunt who pays her a commission to send boarders to some "near American" boarding house in Paris, or Dresden, or Vienna, or Stuttgart, filled her head with a lot of nonsense.

The average American girl has a good deal more common sense than the average girl of any other nation-

ality. But, between you and me, that isn't saying so very much either.

The American girl is by temperament and by training and by her whole ideal of life better able to take care of herself than any other girl in the world. But somehow I can't believe that we made over human nature when we invented the Stars and Stripes.

I'd as soon throw a nice, chubby little baby into a den of wolves as to send the average light-hearted, light-headed American girl to Europe, or anywhere else, "to study" alone.

There's nothing particularly settling to the mind about the study of music, or art, either.

In fact, there are those who believe that the effect of both art and music upon the mind of a young and growing girl is apt to be somewhat "temperamental." Whatever did we do before we had that convenient word?

I met a girl from Sioux City, Iowa, in New York last winter. She was there "studying," and she was full of rhapsodies about the glory of living the broader life.

"I should die if I had to go back to Sioux City," said the girl who was studying. "My soul would starve."

The Sioux City girl invited me to her "studio" to a Bohemian tea. Of course, I went. I have a fad for going to things that people call "Bohemian." I love to find out what they mean by it.

This tea turned out to be so very

KING DIES IN POVERTY IN RUSSIAN HOSPITAL

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.] St. Petersburg, March 23.—The last of the "Kings of Jerusalem," Prince Michael of Lusignan, has just died here in poverty and misery. Prince Michael was the last offshoot of Lusignan the Crusader, later King of Jerusalem and Cyprus. King Louis of Lusignan fled to Russia when the Turks captured Cyprus in 1532.

Czar Nicholas I made him a captain in his guard. Ludwig hoped for years that Russia would help to replace him on his throne but he finally became resigned to his fate and when the Grecian throne was offered to the ex-king he was so apathetic that he declined it. In 1868 Ludwig began an action against Turkey for \$50,000,000 for property which he claimed had been confiscated. He never received a penny.

Ludwig VI died in 1884 at the age of 77, having lived for years on Russian charity. His son, Prince Michael, was then 24. The latter spent his entire time dreaming about the heroic deeds of his crusader ancestors.

In a comic opera uniform of a general with three crowns on his epaulets—Jerusalem, Cyprus and Syria—over which he claimed to be the legitimate king, Michael was for years a well known figure in the streets of St. Petersburg. In the last few years he has been little more than a beggar. He

DEMOCRATIC QUEEN ELENA CAUSES SENSATION IN ROM

Rome, March 23.—Beginning today, the royal palace of the Quirinal will be constantly guarded by secret service agents in plain clothes whose duty it will be to act as a secret guard to Queen Elena whenever she may again take it into her head to go shopping on foot. The queen recently caused the hair of the entire personnel of the department of public safety to stand on end by quietly slipping out of the palace with three of the royal children and doing a little informal shopping abroad.

As usual the royal carriage had been called for her and a mounted escort was awaiting when the queen decided to go shopping just like she used to in the streets of Cottignae when she was merely Princess Elena of Montenegro. What she had done was discovered half an hour later. An excited telephone message was sent to the department of public safety and in less than a jiffy the entire force was scouring the streets of Rome to find what had become of the queen and the three royal children.

She was discovered later quietly buying lace at a store established by Queen Mother Margherita for the benefit of the Italian peasant women amongst whom the Queen Mother has revived the lace making industry. Queen Elena who had succeeded in reaching the store unrecognized and un-

Improvement Suggested

It was Robert's first visit to the zoo. "What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben. After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied: "I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."—Youngstown Telegram.

Coughs and Colds Forerun Sicknes
and should have immediate efficient treatment with SCOTT'S EMULSION because physical power is reduced or the cold would not exist.
Drugged pills and alcoholic syrups are crutches, not remedies, but Scott's Emulsion drives out the cold, warms the body by enriching the blood, and strengthens the lungs.
Nothing equals or compares with Scott's Emulsion in building the forces to prevent bronchitis, grippe or pneumonia.
Avoid Alcoholic Substitutes.

HENRY PECK'S COUSIN SALLY - - - - By Gross

SM-M-M-A-ACK!
A-A-A-AHH!!!

GOSH, I'D GIVE AN ARM FOR ANOTHER KISS FROM THEM FAIR ROSEBUD LIPS, SO PURE AN' SWEET. I DIDN'T EVEN WASH THE SPOT

HELLO LIZZIE, ANY MORE OF YOU GIRLS HOME? HE, HE!

TE HE!

WHAT'S WRONG? NOTHIN! ONLY THERES ENOUGH PAINT ON THAT HOMEY MUG OF YOURN TO COAT THE WALL OF CHINA

FINE DAY—JUST WHEN I WANNA GO OUT, TOO